

# Beauty for Ashes

John Grant Crabbe, 1889

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♩ = 105

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spir - it a - bides with - in, Who  
2. I sing the love of God, my Sav - ior, Who suf - fered up - on the tree, That,  
3. I sing the beau - ty of the Gos - pel That scat - ters, not thorns, but flowers, That

chang - es all my grief to glad - ness, And par - dons me all my sin. Though  
in the se - cret of His pre - sence, My bond - age might free - dom be. He  
bids me scat - ter smiles and sun - beams Wher - ev - er are lone - ly hours. The

clouds may low - er, dark and drear - y, Yet He has prom - ised to be near; He  
comes "to bind the brok - en - heart - ed"; He comes the faint - ing soul to cheer; He  
"gar - ment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav - i - ness of spir - it" drear; It

*Refrain*

gives me sun - shine for my sha - dow, And "beau - ty for ash - es" here.  
gives me "oil of joy" for mourn - ing, And "beau - ty for ash - es" here. He gives me  
gives me sun - shine for my sha - dow, And "beau - ty for ash - es" here.

joy in place of sor - row; He gives me love that casts out fear; He

gives me sun - shine for my sha - dow, And "beau - ty for ash - es" here.